

# You Never Remind Me

[Linda Eder](#)

You never remind me of Paris in spring  
A Rembrandt I find, to my mind you don't bring  
There's no work of art could start to compare You never remind me of pricey French wine  
Or tuxedoed gents who have dinner at nine  
Every other man is Vin Ordinaire You're so unique I find, so well designed  
That every single thing about you  
Reminds me of only you You never remind me of summers in Spain  
The sun when it's setting, the sound of the rain  
New years with Dick Clark or Park Avenue You never remind me of Sir Lancelot  
My memory of him is totally shot  
King Midas touch, not much next to you 'Cause if the truth be known when we're alone  
Then every single thing about you  
Reminds me of only you You never remind me of Gods that are Greek, my dear  
And though I may hang on each word that you speak, it's clear  
Ahead and behind me I lose track of all events  
And as a consequence you are my present tense You never remind me of anyone who  
Reminds me of anyone other than you  
Compare though I will, I still can't equate 'Cause when you're here with me then vis--vis  
You raise the heat repeatedly, so if I forget to recall  
Remind me again, that's all, that's all, that's all

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